MARVEL

new universal

WARREN ELLIS · SALVADOR LARROCA

MARVEL FEATURE

RATED T+

0 71486 03245 8 01

$2.99 US $4.25 CAN

1

newuniversal ENTER

WARREN ELLIS WRITER | SALVADOR LARROCA ARTIST | JASON KEITH COLORIST | VC'S RUS WOOTON LETTERER | DANIEL KETCHUM ASSISTANT EDITOR | AXEL ALONSO EDITOR | JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF | DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

NEWUNIVERSAL No. 1, February, 2007. Published Monthly except semi-monthly in February by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. © 2006 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $3.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand. Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in the USA**. ALAN FINE, President & CEO Of Marvel Toys and Marvel Publishing, Inc.; DAVID BOGART, VP Of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

He's lucky the bullet plowed through another cop before it reached his skull. Otherwise it would have had the force to vibrate the brain to mush inside the cranial vault.

MARCH 1 2006 - 22.20 EST / MARCH 2 2006 03.31 UTC
NEW YORK CITY
JOHN TENSEN

Lucky old Detective Tensen. He's just 98% dead with most of a bullet stuck in the front of his brain. Close him up.

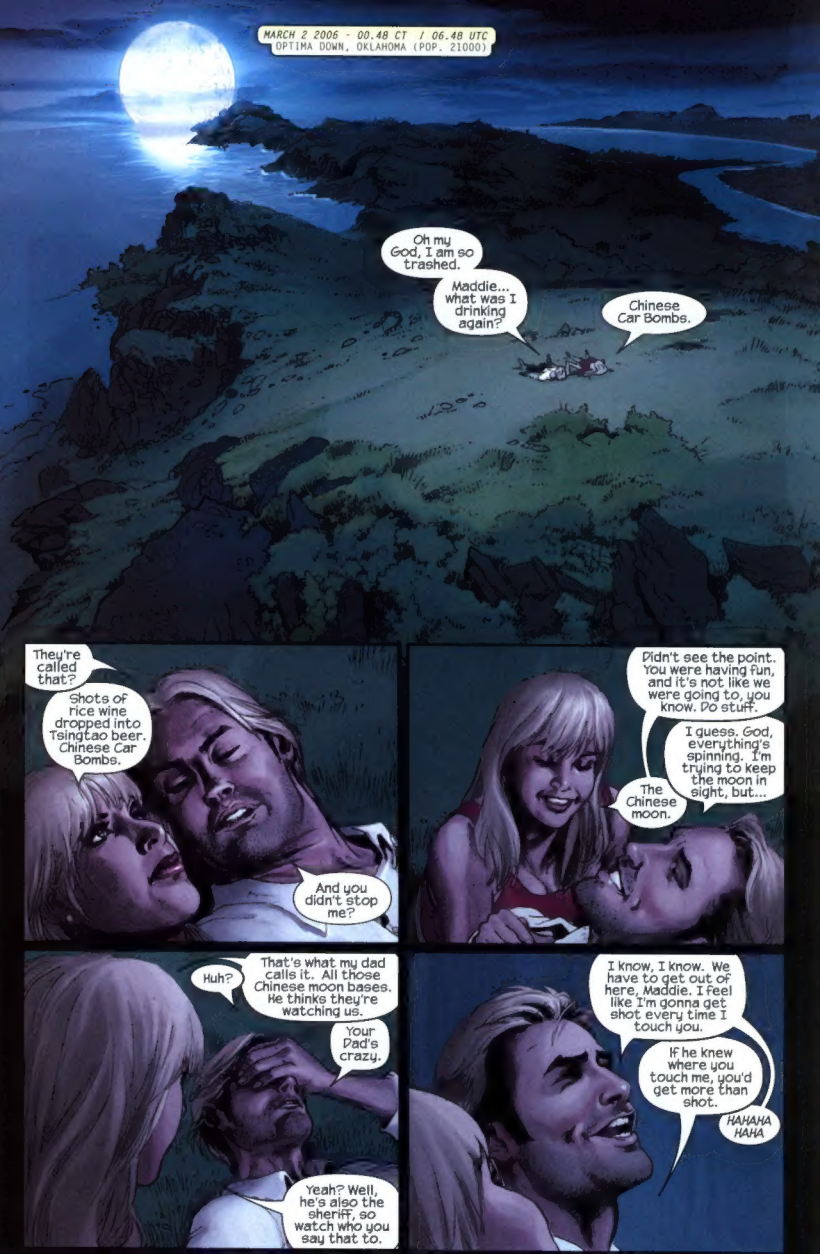
MARCH 1 2006 - 22.48 PST / MARCH 2 2006 04.48 UTC
OPTIMA DOWN, OK
KENNETH CONNELL and MADELINE FELIX

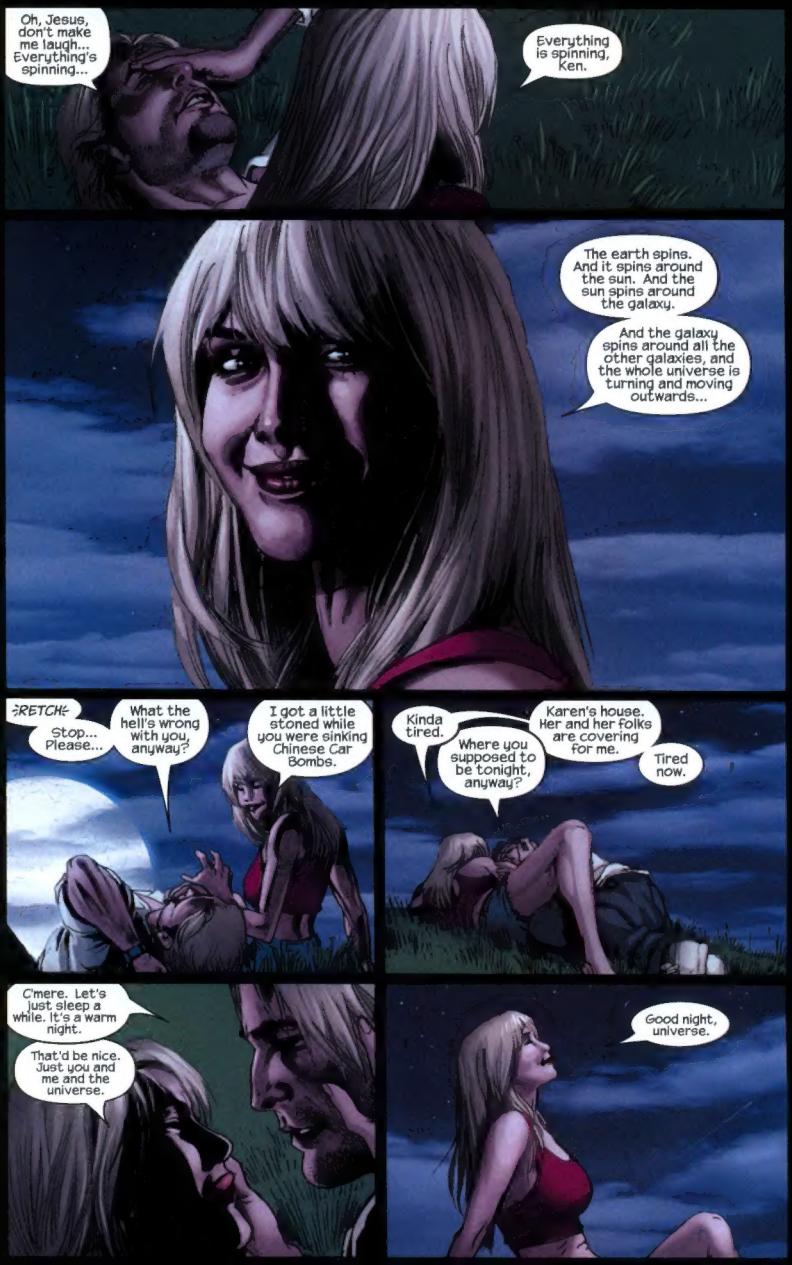
EXIT

MARCH 1 2006 - 21.31 PST / MARCH 2 2006 05.31 UTC
SAN FRANCISCO
IZANAMI RANDALL

--*No,* Louise, your new boyfriend's a scumtard, and you can lose my number so long as you're dating him, okay?

And you can tell him I'm *Japanese,* not Chinese, and he can stuff his racist Hitler Youth crap right back up himself *anyway*--


MARCH 2 2006 - 00.48 CT / 06.48 UTC
OPTIMA DOWN, OKLAHOMA (POP. 21000)
Oh my God, I am so trashed.
Maddie... what was I drinking again?
Chinese Car Bombs.
They're called that?
Shots of rice wine dropped into Tsingtao beer. Chinese Car Bombs.
And you didn't stop me?
Didn't see the point. You were having fun, and it's not like we were going to, you know. Do stuff.
I guess. God, everything's spinning. I'm trying to keep the moon in sight, but...
The Chinese moon.
Huh?
That's what my dad calls it. All those Chinese moon bases. He thinks they're watching us.
Your Dad's crazy.
Yeah? Well, he's also the sheriff, so watch who you say that to.
I know, I know. We have to get out of here, Maddie. I feel like I'm gonna get shot every time I touch you.
If he knew where you touch me, you'd get more than shot.
HAHAHA HAHA

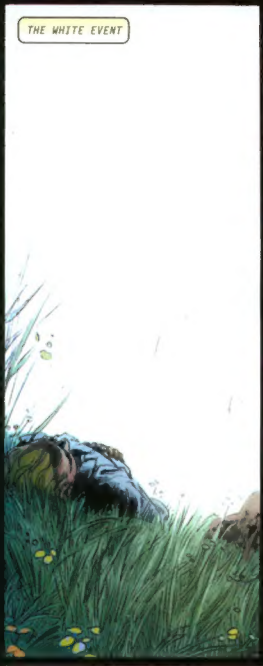

Oh, Jesus, don't make me laugh... Everything's spinning...
Everything is spinning, Ken.
The earth spins. And it spins around the sun. And the sun spins around the galaxy.
And the galaxy spins around all the other galaxies, and the whole universe is turning and moving outwards...
:RETCH:
Stop... Please...
What the hell's wrong with you, anyway?
I got a little stoned while you were sinking Chinese Car Bombs.
Kinda tired.
Where you supposed to be tonight, anyway?
Karen's house. Her and her folks are covering for me.
Tired now.
C'mere. Let's just sleep a while. It's a warm night.
That'd be nice. Just you and me and the universe.
Good night, universe.

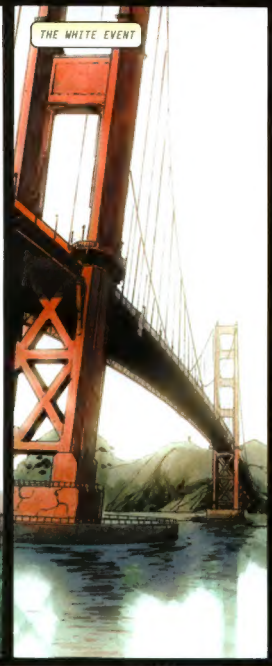
MARCH 1 2006 - 22.48 PST / MARCH 2 2006 06.48 UTC
+ CHINESE EARLY WARNING SYSTEM GOES DOWN
+ RUSSIAN EARLY WARNING SYSTEM GOES DOWN
+ USA EARLY WARNING SYSTEM GOES DOWN
JUDGE BAO

MARCH 2 2006 - 01.48 EST / 06.48 UTC
ST. MELLION'S HOSPITAL, MANHATTAN

...and as we approach the top of the hour, the main stories again: NYPD detective John Tensen remains in critical condition following a shooting incident on Avenue B yesterday morning.
Surgeons tell MAXNews that two emergency operations were only partially successful, and a fragment of bullet remains lodged in Detective Tensen's brain.
He's currently being kept stable in prep for a further operation scheduled for this evening.
DO
CROSS

Detective Tensen has no family, and a colleague described him as "living for the police."
Ignore the TV. I got a houseplant who's more "living" than you, pal.
Also earlier today: John Lennon's 66th birthday.
As ever, the ex-Beatle greeted the crowds outside his Manhattan residence with his usual low-key request that people remember Paul McCartney, who was of course shot to death in Liverpool on this day nineteen years ago...
Let me close these blinds. Don't need some paparazzi freak trying to get a shot from across the street, do we?
And then we'll decide what to do about... about...
...what's that?
06.49 UTC
THE WHITE EVENT
THE WHITE EVENT


THE WHITE EVENT


THE WHITE EVENT

THE WHITE EVENT

08.49 EET / 06.49 UTC
+ LATVIA: LANDSLIP ON NORTHERN COAST

06.49 UTC
mmm?
Whuh?

Oh my god.
Oh no. I can feel it. No.
This is a dream. A freaky dream. Someone must've slipped me something at the party.
A dream
YES. IT'S A DREAM.
BUT YOU'RE AWAKE IN IT.

THIS IS A PARADIGM SHIFT.
EVERYTHING YOU KNOW HAS CHANGED.
PLEASE REMAIN CALM.

That was... incredible. What the hell was that?
Reminded me of my old man, talking about the Fireworks in the Fifties. I betcha this topped the Fireworks.

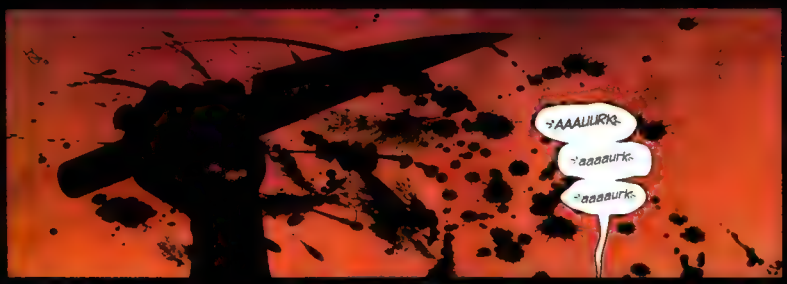
AAA!

HELL!
Can I get some help in here? The electrics are all--

--oh.
Oh, no, no, no, *no*, no...

Thomas Alexander Reid.
I can see you.
How do you know my name?
You're dead. Bullet in your head. 48% dead. We were just keeping you comfortable. You're *dead*.

I can see you.
I can see everything you've done.
Alice Chelton, 67. Morphine overdose.
Leona Park, 44. Morphine overdose.
Robert Francis Donnelly, 81. Pillow over the face.
Kathyrn Ella Stamford, 66. Morphine overdose.
You kill. You kill and you kill and you kill and you don't care.
Mercy. Mercy killings. Assisted suicides. I don't want to see people suffer. Do you want to see people suffer?
"And then we'll decide what to do about..." you said. Just a minute ago. Were you going to stop my suffering too?
...no. Yes. If I had to. I'm sorry.
...I get points for honesty, right?
No.
NO OH GOD NO PLEASE DON'T!

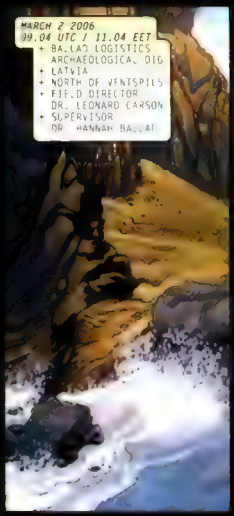

AAAUURK
aaaaurk
aaaaurk

aaaurkkk
uurrkkk
kk

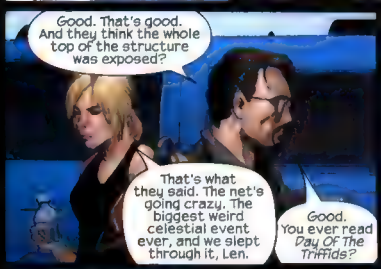
I could see it. No guessing, no instinct, no evidence. I could see it.
Everything he'd done. Like a movie. Grabbing a movie out of his head and playing it in mine.

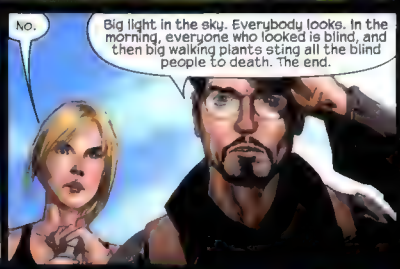
My dead head.

JUSTICE
417
MARCH 2 2006
02.12 EST / 07.12 UTC
+ DETECTIVE JOHN TENSER FOUND MISSING
+ REGISTERED NURSE TOM REID FOUND DEAD FROM MULTIPLE STAB WOUNDS


MARCH 2 2006
09.04 UTC / 11.04 EET
+ BALLAD LOGISTICS
ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG
+ LATVIA
+ NORTH OF VENTSPILS
+ FIELD DIRECTOR
DR. LEONARD CARSON
+ SUPERVISOR
DR. HANNAH BALLAD

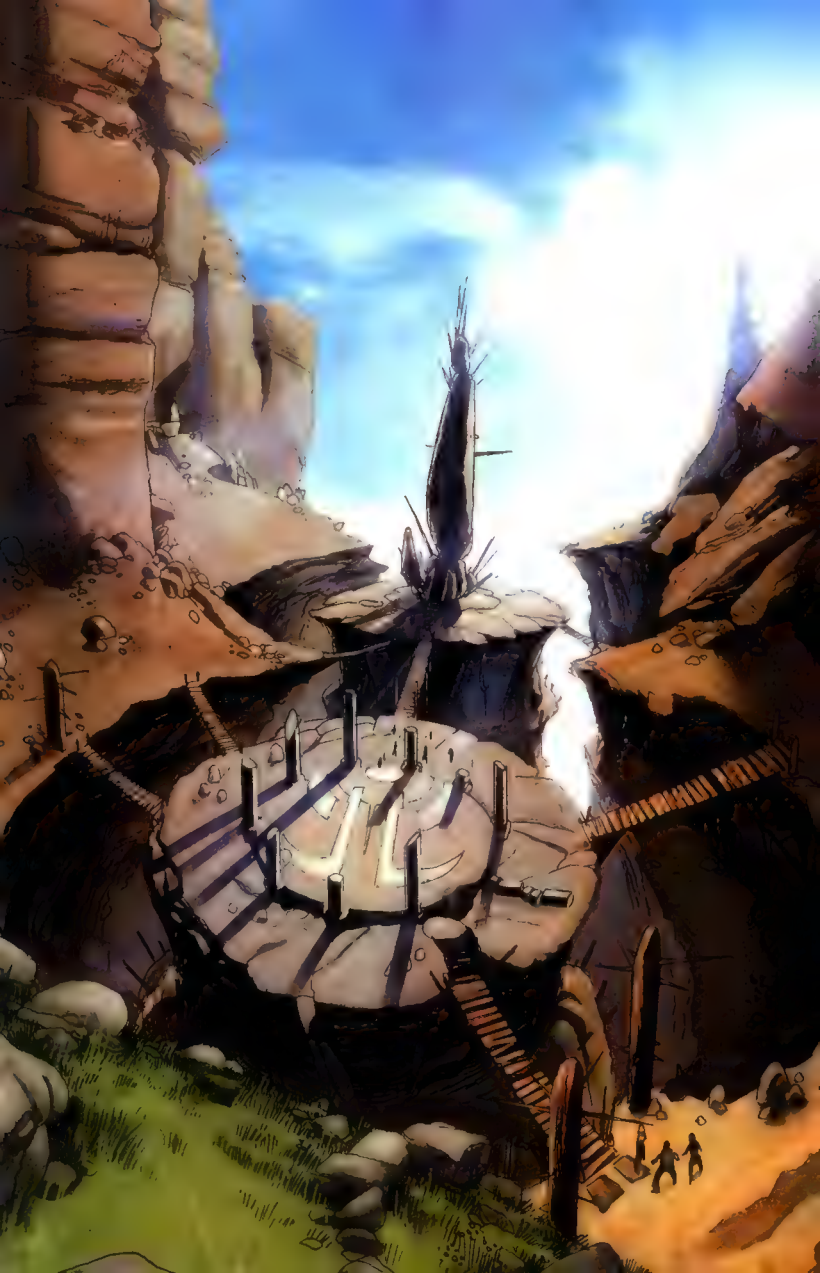
We slept through it. Can you believe it?
Light in the sky. Big deal. They say no one was hurt by the landslip?
A few people got taken down, but no one's injured. It happened right in the middle of the whiteout, apparently.


Good. That's good. And they think the whole top of the structure was exposed?
That's what they said. The net's going crazy. The biggest weird celestial event ever, and we slept through it, Len.
Good. You ever read *Day Of The Triffids*?

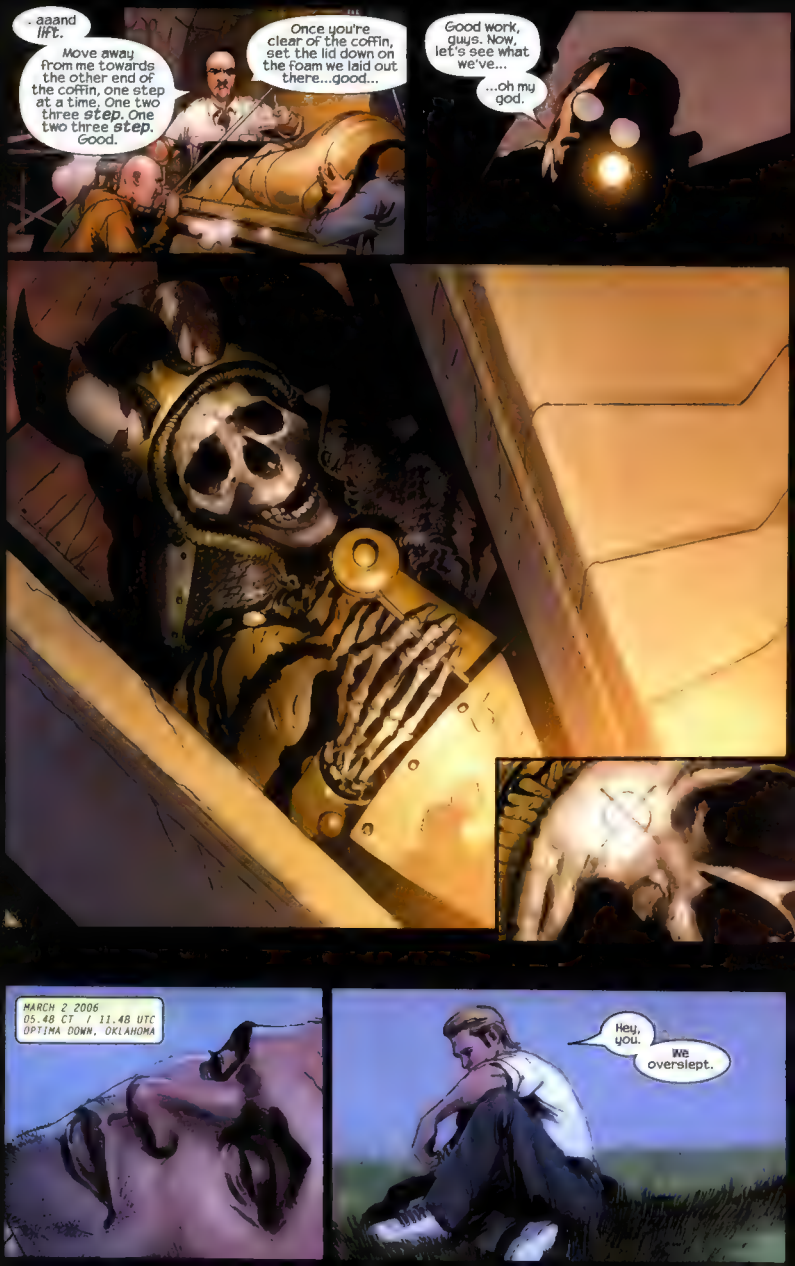

No.
Big light in the sky. Everybody looks. In the morning, everyone who looked is blind, and then big walking plants sting all the blind people to death. The end.

Yeah, well, you're already blind. Who looks for early Bronze Age peak civilizations in Latvia? The whole Sumerian thing--
I'd remind you, Hannah, that you're here as an agent of the dig's financier--
--and also as your sexual partner, though I can see the sands of time running waaaay the hell away from you there--
--*not*, please, as a competing historian.

Sumeria was advanced, sure. Around 2030 B.C. Ur was the largest city on Earth, with, what, 65,000 people? I'm not arguing that.
But--God, I want to hit you with something heavy--the peak of Sumerian civilization *was* Uruk. Political power moved from Uruk to Ur, but the real golden age? Uruk.
You're digging in Northern Europe. You're talking about some kind of cultural exchange between a European city and Uruk sometime around 2600 B.C.?
I mean, if you were talking about the Indus Valley and Uruk, maybe. *Maybe.* But Europe? Europe barely had the wheel, Len.
Look: the people of Uruk told the Europeans the story of Gilgamesh, and the travellers responded with a similar story that was even older, from beyond the beginning of Sumerian civilization.
The Uruks even incised copies of the maps the travellers showed them into stone tablets. Which I found in Uruk last Christmas.
Instead of, for instance, getting me any kind of gift.
And so here we are in Latvia. Which we know was settled by Indo-European tribes in 2500 B.C.
All this was all densely forested bay. Latvia was never heavily populated: even now, it's got more land than Denmark and only half the population.
There's no Latvian writing surviving from the period. Who's to say that there wasn't a city-state civilization sitting in a bay well served by arable land and fresh water?
Maybe it was here when the Indo-Europeans got here, and they just told the settlers to get the hell away from them?
Hell, maybe the city was blitzed by a landslip from the mountains around the bay, which created the cliff, which you told me just slipped off again. Like I say, there's no record.
Hell, in this part of the world, the closest thing you get to written record is Ogham, and there's not a lot of that surviving because it was mostly cut into sticks--
Dr. Carson! Quickly!
The landslip exposed the tomb!



Unreal.
Where's Jim?
Jim Braddock, if you're off on another of your goddamn English tea breaks...
Shut your noise, Len. I'm here.
Can we get the lid off, Jim? Open it?
Don't see why not. Look at the construction, though, Len. See the extra supports to stop the thing from being crushed by the weight of dirt? Driven down into the clay? These people planned across *centuries*.
Never seen anything like it.
All right, you 'orrible lot. One team on trowels to pick out the edges of the lid. One team on levers behind them. Two teams on poles to take the weight of the lid.
I want us looking at an open tomb within an hour so I can go and have a cup of splosh and you people can bugger off and drink that poisonous grog the locals have been selling you, you idle gits...
Move it, *move it!*
You let him talk to you like that?
Jim Braddock's a brilliant dig leader. I was lucky to get him. He lost his son at some dig in England last year, this is the first time he's worked since...


...aaand lift.
Move away from me towards the other end of the coffin, one step at a time. One two three step. One two three step. Good.
Once you're clear of the coffin, set the lid down on the foam we laid out there...good...
Good work, guys. Now, let's see what we've...
...oh my god.
MARCH 2 2006
05.48 CT / 11.48 UTC
OPTIMA DOWN, OKLAHOMA
Hey, you.
We overslept.

MARCH 2 2006 - 06.51 CT / 12.51 UTC
OPTIMA SHERIFF'S OFFICE
Where is he?
Sheriff Felix, please, you can't do this--
You tell me my little girl's dead and I can't even look at her pretty face again and that MAGGOT Connell kid's the only suspect--
--I can do any goddamn thing I like. You can have the badge afterwards.
I want to look at the animal that killed my little girl. Killed her so badly they won't let me see her.
Stand up.
Stand up, you disgusting piece of garbage.
The kid called it in, Sheriff. Why would he do that if he killed Maddie? She was burned, but there was no trace of--
Shut up. Draw your weapons. Stand up, Connell.

Stand up!
urg!
Be a man! You think you get to kill my girl like a coward and then crawl away?
Try and die like a man. See if you have it in you.
Whoa, Dan, this is getting--
What? This thing killed my Maddie and you're going to stand there? You all knew my Maddie. You want to just let that ride?
...no.
Good. You're good boys, all of you.
Stand up. Look me in the goddamn eye and tell me why you hurt my little girl.
I didn't-- YAAAA!
Liar!
Please-- I need help-- I don't know what's happening--
Just shut up and look at me killing you.
TO BE CONTINUED

NEXT ISSUE

DCP PRESENTS

ANOTHER QUALITY SCAN BY

THE GRUMP

YOU READ IT. NOW BUY IT YOU DIRTY LEECH!